

# One More Notch (Album Version)

## Murder By Death

Hole up kid there's a storm comin' down  
Work those fingers to the bone  
You got grit that's a fact  
You build 'em up just to knock 'em all down  
Dig a hole that goes down deep in the ground  
And when the time comes calling  
As the earth all shudders at another beat, another beat  
Another beat, another beat, another beat of the four horsemen  
You aren't safe under the earth  
Hiding your actions covered in dirt  
Like a snake shedding its skin  
If you fess up, you can start all over again  
And the whirlwind lifts you up to the ceiling  
The balconies pass but you don't even see them  
As they go by and it whips your bodies higher and higher  
When your lips lock you both catch on fire  
The crowd covers their eyes  
You've forgotten everything but yourselves  
You don't really even matter to each other  
It's the rush that you get when you know you've done wrong  
As you bake your bodies separate but you never notice  
That the other is burning, you just pity yourself  
You aren't safe to sit on this earth  
Hiding your actions covered in dirt  
Like a snake shedding its skin  
If you fess up you can start all over again  
And the whirlwind lifts you up to the ceiling  
The balconies pass but you don't even see them  
As they go by and it whips your bodies higher and higher  
When your lips lock you both catch on fire  
The crowd covers their eyes

Songwriters

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